

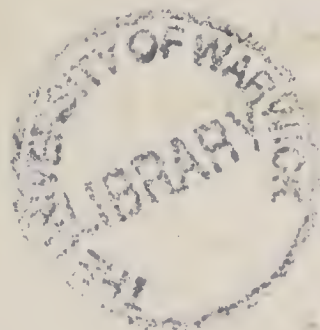


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THE MELODY of the first Song will shortly be published, with **PORTRAITS** of the various Characters assumed by **Miss FISHER**, price **Two Shillings and Sixpence**.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING

CHARLES THE FIRST
BY
JOHN BURNET
OF LINCOLN'S INN
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND VOLUME
LONDON
Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church, in the County of Middlesex.
1682.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Old Wilton, a bachelor of sixty,	<i>Mr. Terry</i>
William,	<i>Mr. Hayes</i>
Charles Mowbray, his nephew,	<i>Mr. Mercer</i>
Peter, Wilton's gardener,	<i>Mr. Knight</i>
Peggy,	<i>Mrs. Orger</i>
Matilda Mowbray, a Child,	<i>Miss C. Fisher</i>

ASSUMED CHARACTERS.

Master Hector Mowbray,	<i>Miss C. Fisher</i>
Master Gobbleton Mowbray,	<i>Miss C. Fisher</i>
Master Foppington Mowbray,	<i>Miss C. Fisher</i>

The SCENE lies at Old Wilton's Villa, at Richmond.

New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. This Evening, THURSDAY, December 5, 1822. and in which His Majesty's Servants will act the Musical Drama of **GUY RAVENING.**

Colonel Mannering, Mr. PENLEY

Henry Bertram,

Mr. B R A M,

In which character he will introduce the celebrated ECHO DUET, from the AMERICANS.

"*New Hope, now Fear*"—With Miss FRY.

"*The Sun his bright rays*" (from the Opera ZUMA).

The LAST WORDS of MARMION, (composed by CLARKES) and

BRECE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY, "*Scots wha hae w Wallace bled!*"

Dominie Simpson,

Mr. HARLEY

Dandie Dinmont,

Mr. RAYNER,

(*From the Theatres Royal, York and Birmingham, his 2nd appearance on this stage*)

Dirk Hatteraick, Mr. GATTIE.

Gilbert Glossin, M. J. BARNES,

Baillie Mucklethrift, Mr. HUGHES, Sergeant M'Crae, Mr. COVENE, Gabriel, Mr. G SMITH,

Sebastian, Mr. W. H. WILLIAMS, Franco, Miss G. CARR, Jac Jabos, Mr. TURNOUR,

Farmer Crabtree, Mr. GIBBON, Farmer Harrow, Mr. D. SMITH, Farmer Flail, Mr. READ.

Lucy Bertram, Mrs. AUSTIN,

Who will introduce "*Hope told a flattering tale*," and a *Polonaise* (composed by Mr. Parry)

Flora, Mrs. ORGER,

Mrs. McCandlish, Mrs. HARLOWE,

Meg Merrilies, Mrs. GLOVER,

Julia Manning, Miss POVEY,

Gipsies, Mess. Horner, Kench, Randall, Vaughan, Hope, Mathews, James Plumstead, Guischard, Nixon.

Mesdms. Coveney, Phillips, Cooper, Willmott, Gibbon, E. Gibbon, Wills, Crowther, Tokely, Valancy,

Pitt, Smith, E. Smith, Hill, Barnet, Munro.

In Act II. *A PAS SEUL* by Miss TREE.

After which, (FOURTH TIME) an entirely New Divertisement, composed by Mr. NOBLE, called The

Ball of the Caravan.

A HORNYTYPE A L'ANGLAISE, and a GRAND ASIATIC PAS DE DEUX.
Principal Dancers....Mr. NOBLE, Mr. OSCAR BYRNE.
Mrs. NOBLE, Mrs. OSCAR BYRNE, Miss TREE.

To which will be added, (for the FIRST TIME) a New Farce, called

OLD & YOUNG.

Mr. Wilton,	Mr. TERRY,
William,	Mr. HAYES,
Charles Mowbray,	Mr. MERCER,
Peter,	Mr. KNIGHT,
Peggy,	Mrs. ORGER,
Matilda Mowbray, a Child,	Miss CLARA FISHER.

ASSUMED CHARACTERS.

Master Hector Mowbray.....	Miss CLARA FISHER!
Master Gobbleton Mowbray.....	Miss CLARA FISHER!!
Master Foppington Mowbray.....	Miss CLARA FISHER!!!

No Money to be returned. J. Tabby, Printer, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Mrs. AUSTIN

will appear on Saturday, as Mandane, in *Artaxerxes*; and on Thursday, in a popular Opera.

Miss CLARA FISHER

will perform Three Nights in each Week till the Christmas Holidays.

To-morrow, Sheridan's Comedy of *The SCHOOL for SCANDALS*. With the Divertisement.
And a Farce in which Miss Fisher will perform.

On Saturday, The English Opera of *ARTAXERXES*. Artaxerxes, Madame Vestris,

Arbaces, Mr. BRAHAM,

Artabanes, Mr. Horn,
Mandane, Mrs. Austin.
With Foote's Farce of the LIAR.
Young Wilding, Mr. Elliston.

On Monday, Shakspeare's Tragedy of *OTHELLO*.

Othello, Mr. KEAN, Iago, Mr. YOUNG.

On Tuesday, (1st time these two years) Tobin's Comedy of

THE HONEY MOON.

Duke Aranza, Mr. ELLISTON. Juliana, Mrs. DAVISON.

On Wednesday, Otway's Tragedy of *VENICE PRESERVED*.

Jaffier, Mr. KEAN, Pierre, Mr. YOUNG.

On Thursday, A favourite Opera.

Mr. LISTON and Miss STEPHENS,

will be announced at the termination of their provincial engagements.

OLD AND YOUNG.

ACT I.

SCENE:—A SALOON, HANDSOMELY FURNISHED; FOLDING DOORS, (GLASS) OPENING ON A LAWN; A TABLE WITH WRITING MATERIALS, A LARGE EASY CHAIR AT THE SIDE, AND BEFORE IT A FOOTSTOOL; ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE IS ALSO A TABLE WITH CHAIRS; ON THE CHIMNEY-PIECE ARE A CLOCK AND VARIOUS ORNAMENTS. THE WHOLE APARTMENT MUST HAVE THE APPEARANCE OF BEING ARRANGED WITH NEATNESS AND PRECISION.

*Peter discovered, placing flower-pots about the room;
Peggy arranging the furniture.*

Peggy. Now, really Peter, you are very provoking; as fast as I dust the room, you make a fresh litter with your flower-pots.

Peter. Our old master is fond of flowers, mistress Peggy.

Peggy. You know what a neat, precise, particular old bachelor, Mr. Wilton is. The tables must shine

like looking glass; every thing must be exactly in its place—his large chair, and gouty stool for his poor foot, just here. (*In speaking this speech, she does all that she describes.*)

Peter. There, there—(*picks up a few leaves and throws them out of window.*) Kind and good, he's mild and gentle as a pet lamb, when he's not in a passion, but when he is—Oh, Lord! Lord!

Peggy. Aye, for he has suffered in his time what might spoil an angel's temper—crost in his first love, he has remained all his life a bachelor.

Peter. Well, mistress Peggy, I hope there's no fear of our suffering the like; it might be as well, though, to get married, for—many a slip between the cup and the lip, you know.

Peggy. Since master's own misfortune, he can't bear to hear talk of marriages, and, as we depend on him, we must not do any thing against his will.

Peter. Ah, if he had his own way, the world would soon be at an end. However, this is to be a day of reconciliation; his nephew, Mr. Charles Mowbray, whom he has not seen these fifteen years, is to arrive along with his ten children, and we may, perhaps, bring him into our interest.

Peggy. Aye; after his own ill success, his nephew, whom he intended to make his heir, married against his consent, and ran off to Lisbon.

Peter. Well, that's all settled now; the poor lady is dead and Mr. Charles is left with ten children; and our master, who wants a young family in his old age, has forgiven him and sent for them to England; and to-day we shall have him and his little troop down here at Richmond. [*Gate-bell rings.*]

Peggy. Run, Peter—Run and see who's at the gate.

Peter. (*looking out*) 'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis young Master Charles,—young that was, fifteen years ago.

(Enter Mowbray leading Matilda)

My dear Master Charley! so, here you are once more; I'm delighted to see you!

Mowb. What, Peter! my old friend, Peter! give me your hand—still in my uncle's service?

Peter. Aye, sir, where you left me a boy. Strange changes since that time—strange changes!

Mowb. And this pretty face?—Surely I remember it.

Peggy. I'm Peggy; Peggy Roberts, sir; your old nurse's daughter.

Mowb. Then give me a kiss, Peggy, for my old nurse's sake.

Peter. Ah! ha! ha! there you are still, sir; altered in nothing—a little older, and rather darker in the face; though that comes of living in Lisbon.

Mowb. Southern suns are warm in their embraces.

Peter. What a place it must be for ripening melons, grapes, and cucumbers—no need of forcing them.

Mowb. Well, but Peter,—what are the strange changes you talk'd about?

Peter. Why sir, first of all, my father, old Higgins, who was head gardener in your time—he's—he's (*scarcely able to speak*) I'm head gardener now;—I'm—I am the last of the Higgins's!

Mowb. Well, well, Peter; and what next?

Peter. You ran away with a pretty wife, and return—But no doubt you've learnt to bear your loss by this time.

Mowb. My loss? You are jesting surely—My little Matilda is my only child, and my wife, thank heaven, is alive and well.

Matilda. Yes, mama is in London, and to-morrow we are to return and bring her here.

Peter. As to your lady's being alive, that misfor-

time isn't the worst, but your having only one child, and that a little girl—Dear! dear! dear!

Mowb. Will you explain this mystery?

Peter. Some months ago, a gentleman, who had passed through Lisbon, told your uncle of an English merchant named Mowbray, who had just lost his wife and was left with ten children, a girl and nine boys.

Matil. He must have meant our neighbour, Mr. Mowbray, papa.

Mowb. A namesake of mine, in Lisbon, who really is a widower, with ten children.

Peter. But master has taken it into his head that he should be happy if he had a family of children about him.

Matil. And am not I a child?

Peggy. Aye, miss, but you are only one—He often collects the children of the neighbours, and it is no longer ago than last week that he made a dozen of them act a play in the library, and the dresses are all in the house.

Matil. (to herself) Are they so?

Mowb. The best thing we can do is to return.

Matil. No, no, papa, we must not return.

Mowb. What have we to hope here, my love?

Matil. Could we but contrive some means to induce my uncle——

Peter. Look ye, sir;—take my advice—you remember old Mr. Welford at Twickenham—he is still my master's most intimate friend.

Mowb. An old friend of my father's too. And what is your advice, Peter?

Peter. (with a profound look) Why sir, my advice is—that is, I advise you to go instantly to Mr. Welford.

Mowb. Well?

Peter. And ask his advice.

Mowb. Ha! ha! ha! your advice is as good as

it is cautious, Peter, and I'll follow it. (*To Matilda*) Come, my dear.

Matil. I wish, papa, you'd leave me here.

Mowb. Why, Matilda?

Matil. That's my secret.

Mowb. Secret; ha! ha! ha!

Peggy. We'll take care of the young lady, sir.

Matil. Then come with me; I've something very particular to say to you (*to Peggy*)—As for you, papa, we shall see at your return which of us has the best news for the other.

Mowb. Well, keep carefully out of your uncle's sight—Mind that!—the chaise is yet at the door—Come Peter. [*Kisses Matilda, and exit with Peter.*]

Matil. Now, Peggy, take me where I may talk to you in private—Quick!—we've no time to lose.]

Peggy. This way, miss, this way.

[*Exeunt Peggy and Matilda.*]

Wilton (without) Gently! Gently!

Peter (returning) Here comes master, and with a whole cargo of toys, ha! ha! ha! William with a horse in his pocket, and a ship under his arm.—Why they've bought up all Twickenham fair.

Enter Wilton, walking with a crutch-stick, and leaning on the arm of a servant.

Wilt. Gently! not so fast I tell you—I feel as stout as a lion to-day; yet still I am not in galloping condition. There (*sits himself very gently in the large chair*) there—in a week I'll run with the best of you—Though, place my foot on the stool, my good fellow. Ha!—Zounds, you rascal! have you got a smith's vice in place of a hand? There—now go and see that all the rooms are ready for my nephew and his children.

Peter (aside). Children!

Wilt. And let yonder toys be carefully arranged.

William. In the library, sir?

Wilt. In the library! It is newly decorated—it is my pet room; and no one shall enter it but in my presence. Place them in the dining room. (*William bows, and exit.*) 'Gad, I'm an extraordinary man! I'm turned of sixty, and were it not that I'm getting bald, and that my sight is rather weak, and my hearing not so good as it was, and my teeth somewhat fewer in number—and, principally, for this infernal gout,—I should be as well and hearty as ever I was in my life. (*In a severe tone, perceiving Peter.*) Well, you idle rogue! What are you doing here, when you ought to be working in your garden?

Peter. I've just been placing your favourite flowers about the room, sir.

Wilt. Thank'ye, Peter, thank'ye; (*looking about*). Very well arranged; very well indeed.

Peter. Ah, sir, we may say good bye to arrangement now; ten children scampering about the house and grounds!

Wilt. No, no; my nephew's children are well brought up, I'll answer for it. Besides, a *little* noise, a *little* disorder, a *little* derangement will—That clock does not stand square on the mantle piece—a little more to the right; (*Peter moves it*) that's too much—that's it—a little disorder will amuse me—that chair against the door is not in the centre—so—it will vary this bachelor-life of mine, and at sixty years old it is not right that I live in the solitary enjoyment of seven thousand a year.

Peter. It is your own fault, sir, that you have not plenty of helpers in the spending of it.

Wilt. They should be my own family—of my own blood—nine boys and a girl! What a variety of characters—a world in little, and I the monarch of it—only tempering my power by toys and sweatmeats.

Peter. Ten children! But suppose, sir, I say suppose merely, that there should happen to be but nine, or eight, or seven—?

Wilt. One less than the number, I revoke my pardon, and—'gad I'll marry a young wife myself.

Peter (aside). How fond my master must be of other people's children!

Wilt. (sighing). I marry! no, no, when once the tree of affection is blighted, it never blossoms more—Well, well, Julia Somers has faithfully kept her vow of singleness, as I have mine.

Peter. Poor Miss Julia! Poor old soul! the young lady is no chicken now, sir—

Wilt. (not attending to him) 'Tis five-and-twenty years since last we met, yet still we exchange annual testimonies of the continuance of a mutual affec—esteem. *(with a ludicrous pathos)* My present to Julia is lamb's wool and welch flannel, while with her own dear hands she arranges for me my favourite dish—a partridge pie—

Peter. Which came yesterday, and is carefully set aside for to-day's dinner.

Wilt. Ah, me! *(looking at his watch)* Well, desire Robert to ride along the London road, and see whether my nephew and his family——

Peter. There's no need of that, sir, for Mr. Mowbray——

Wilt. How! Is he arrived?

Peter. No, sir, no, I don't say that, *(aside)* What have I done? They did not settle what I should say.

Wilt. Why stand there rubbing your great booby head? Have you seen my nephew, or not?

Peter. No—not I—Peggy—Peggy has seen him, sir.

Wilt. Where? Are they here?

Peter. No, sir—you see—*(aside)* I must make up a story to quiet him. Peggy has been up to Twickenham, to Squire Welford's, and there they are all—they meant to take you by surprize.

Wilt. Well, and what does she say of them?

Peter. Why first—first there's a little girl *(aside)* I

can't do much harm by speaking of her—a little girl as fresh as a rose, and as——

Wilt. No matter for the girl; what says she of the boys?

Peter. O, as for the boys, you see, sir, they are all—little boys—very little boys—extraordinary little boys—that is, little for their ages—I shall get myself into a pretty scrape here. (*aside*).

Wilt. The rogues! I shall grow young again amongst them---and their appearance, their behaviour——

Peter. Oh! As for their behaviour, from what Peggy has seen of them, they are the quietest boys in the world.

Matilda (*without, beating a drum*). Shoulder arms! to the right about face! March!

Wilt. (*with an expression of surprize and pleasure*) What's that?

Peter. It sounds very like a drum.

Matilda, without, sings.

Holidays again are come,
Row-de-de-dow, de-dow, de-dow,
Good bye, grammar, welcome drum,
Row-de-de-dow, de-dow, de-dow,
Row, row, row, de dow, dow.

Latin and Greek, go hang for me,
For I am determined a soldier to be.
Row, row, row, de dow, dow.

Enter Matilda, as Hector Mowbray; A drum before him, a sword at his side, and a feather in his cap. He enters, marching to time, without appearing to perceive the presence of any one.

Choose who will, a quiet life,
Row, de, &c.

I'm for racket, noise, and strife,

Row, de, &c.

Row, row.

Learning's a bore, I'll no such thing,

But 'list for a soldier, and fight for the king.

Row, row.

Wilt. Why, where does he spring from?

Hector (perceiving Peter). I've been marching all over the house to find my uncle Wilton; who can tell me where my uncle Wilton is?

Wilt. Here he is, my little fellow; here he is.

Peter (astonished). Why what did Mr. Charles mean by saying he had no boys?

Hec. What, is that my uncle Wilton sitting in that great chair? Ha! ha! ha! What an old-fashion'd looking fellow my uncle Wilton is.

Wilt. Ha! ha! ha! the dear free-spoken child! Will you come and kiss your old uncle?

Hec. Aye, if you like. (*places himself between Wilton's knees.*)

Wilt. And what's your name?

Hec. Hector.

Wilt. And a good name for you, too; for you look like a bold little rogue. But how came you here? Peter told me that your papa, and all his family were at Mr. Welford's at Twickenham.

Hect. Is that what Peter told you? Well, if Peter told you so, it is true.

Peter. (aside) That's lucky, however. It is the first lie I ever told that happen'd to turn out to be the truth.

Hec. So, you see, while papa was shut up talking with that stupid old Mr. Welford——

Wilt. Not old, my dear; he's full five years younger than I am.

Hec. No matter for that, he's old, I tell you; and a tiresome old chap into the bargain. He kept papa so long talking, that I grew tired of waiting; so Dick,

and Harry, and Gobbleton, and I, ran off, and left the others—a set of unsociable curs—to come with papa.

Peter. Dick, and Harry, and——. So there is a whole family of them, after all.

Wilt. The sweet little fellows! And who showed you the gate?

Hec. The gate? Oh, we clambered over the wall. Ha! ha! ha! Gobbleton fell smack down on the melon bed; smash went the glasses. Ha! ha! ha! Harry had like to have had a tumble too, only he caught hold of a peach tree, and, as that came down gently with him, it broke his fall.

Peter. A bright way my garden is in! [Exit.

Wilt. And where are they now?

Hec. Dick and Harry are got into the boat on the canal, and are rowing about. Dick is admiral and Harry the cabin boy.

Wilt. But you were impatient to see your uncle, and left them, eh?

Hec. Yes; I and Gobbleton were impatient to see you uncle,—we were so hungry.

Wilt. The unsophisticated little rogues! And where is Gobbleton?

Hec. Down yonder by the wall, eating peaches. He's such a glutton, that Gobbleton.

Wilt. And you—

Hec. Oh no; I wouldn't have touch'd the peaches for the world, because (*Wilton pats him on the head*) because they always give me a pain in my bel—my stomach, you know; and because I'd rather eat something else. (*retires up the stage.*)

Re-enter Peter.

Wilt. Run, Peter, and get something for the poor child to eat.

Pet. Shall I cut him a slice of the partridge pie, sir?

Wilt. Zounds, is the fellow mad! Partridge pie

to a child! besides I shall invite Mr. Welford to come and dine off it, and I would'nt for twenty guineas that it should be touch'd before. Go, get him a slice of pound cake. [*Exit Peter.*] I'll write at once to Welford; he always assists at the little ceremony with which my Julia's present is opened. Ah, me! Go aside for a few minutes my dear, while I write a note.

(*Hector leaves him, takes a skipping rope from his pocket, and sings.—Wilton writes.*)

Hector (sings and skips.)

What have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?

There's geese in the larder and ducks in the pond.

With a dil, dil—

How provoking that I can't cut double—

(*sings*) With a dil—

Wilt. Hush a little, my dear.

Hec. Yes, uncle; (*sings*) with a dil, dil, dil,

Come here and be kill'd—With a dil—

I can't cut double, all I do.

Wilt. (*without turning his head makes a sign with his hand.*) If you would but stop a little, my dear;—you put me out.

Hec. Uncle, I wish you'd get up, and shew me how to cut double.

Wilt. A pretty example I should give you.

Hec. O well, you needn't if you don't like. There ---I almost did it.

(*Leaps so as to sweep something off the table with his rope.*)

Wilt. Aye, aye, but you disturb me, Hector; and there—pick that up—play at something else.

Hect. Oh, so long as I play, 'tis all one to me what I play at.

(*He takes two or three chairs and piles them one on the other upon the opposite table, making a clatter and humming a tune; he then places one at the side.* Wilton, during

this, tears two or three sheets of paper with an air of petulance, but without looking at Hector, who, having terminated his arrangements, beats a roll on the drum, draws his sword, and mounts on the chair at the side, placing one foot on the table.)

Wilt. (turning) My dear, my dear,—what the devil are you doing?—do you want to break your neck?

Hect. I'm storming a fortress. Come on, my brave fellows, follow me—victory or death! There—and there—bang—fire away! (overturns tables and chairs with great clatter; then waves his pocket handkerchief.) Huzza! the British colours are flying over the citadel—we are masters of the place. Huzza! why don't you huzza, uncle?

Wilt. (closing his ears.) Lord help me, what a racket and what a dust! And my poor chairs and tables going to ruin! I desire you to make less noise, sir, and not spoil my furniture.

Hec. Not make a noise, nor spoil the furniture! how is one to amuse ones' self then?

Wilt. How nearly alike are we at all ages! noise and destruction are the amusements of older heads than his.

(Wilton goes on writing; Hector takes a ball from his pocket, plays with it, and at last throws it in such a manner that it falls on Wilton's table.)

Wilt. There—just as I have finish'd my letter, he has overturned the inkstand on it, and I must begin another; is the child an imp of the devil? (seizes him by the arm) Sit down there, sir,—opposite me,—and dont stir, I desire.

(Wilton writes; after a short pause, during which Hector expresses impatience, he beats his drum with all his might.)

Wilt. (*starting up.*) Will you be still, you little villain?

Hec. Well, am I moving? you told me to sit down, and I am sitting down. (*sings and dances.*)

Choose who will a quiet life,

Row de dow, &c. &c.

Wilt. Is it your intention to drive your poor uncle out of his senses?

Hec. (*singing*) I'm for racket noise and strife,

Row de dow, &c. &c.

Wilt. (*Losing all patience and controul of himself.*) Here, William! Robert! Peter! come some one and help me out of this little rascal's head-splitting presence, and lead me for peace and quiet to the nearest tin-kettle maker's or copper-smith's. (*as the servant is leading him off.*) Oh, the unruly little demon! Oh, if this be a fair sample of the others!—Oh the noisy, riotous, incorrigible little brat!

[*Exit Wilton led by servant.*]

Hec. Victory, victory! I've put the enemy to flight!

Enter Peter and Peggy.

Peg. Well, miss, how have you succeeded?

Matil. Admirably! my uncle is in a furious passion, and wishes me at Jericho, I'm certain.

Pet. You might have let me into the secret at first, though.

Matil. This is but a beginning; second me in every thing I desire, and if, we succeed, I promise to coax my uncle into consenting to your marriage.

Pet. You may reckon on us, miss.

Matil. First, then—go fetch the partridge pie upon which my uncle seems to set such value.

Pet. Not I—that's too serious a matter.

Matil. Do you wish to be married?

Pet. Well, there's no harm in justfe tching it. (*goes out and returns with it.*)

Matil. That's it; now you and Peggy sit down there, and eat as much as you can.

Pet. Eat it! what, open Miss Julia's partridge pie, that master makes such fuss about every year? 'Tis as much as my place is worth.

Mat. I know my uncle will storm about it, but no harm shall come to you; come, be quick; and, if on my return I find a morsel remaining, good bye to your marriage. [*Exit Matilda.*]

Pet. Is it so? (*sits down and cuts out a large piece.*)

Peg. Peter, Peter, what are you doing?

Pet. (*with his mouth full*) I'm thinking of you, Peggy.

Peg. Thinking of me, indeed, and spoiling master's favourite dish.

Pet. It is the way to get married, and a very good way too. Come, sit down and assist me.

Peg. Well 'tis our duty to help a fellow-servant. (*sits at the other side of the table and eats.*)

Pet. Poor Miss Julia! There's true love for you.

Peg. True love is a fine thing enough, if it gets one a husband.

Pet. You! I'm talking of master and Miss Julia—I wish she had taken out the bones—"Ah!" said master, "when the world sees a smile upon my face, who would believe that I suffer infernally."

Peg. Internally, I suppose he said.

Pet. 'Tis all one. Well, all said and done, a partridge pie is a sensible sort of present—but married, or not married, I can eat no more.

Enter Matilda as Gobbleton Mowbray, a fat, stupid half-idiotic glutton.)

Matil. (*speaking in her natural tone.*) Well, how do you get on?

Pet. Famously, miss; we've worked like negger slaves. (*shews the dish.*)

Peg. Peter, Peter, clear away—I hear master coming.

Matil. No, no, leave it as it is and go.

Pet. But what will master say when he sees there's no partridge pie?

Matil. Leave that to me.

(She thrusts them off, then places herself at the table and appears to be eating.)

Enter Wilton leaning on the arm of a servant.

Wilt. At length I have finished and despatched my letter to Mr. Welford. You may leave me. *(Exit servant.)* So, master Hector has sounded a retreat—But who's that?

Gob. (with a silly lounging manner.) How do, uncle Wilton? They told me you were a writing a letter, and so—and so I wou'dn't disturb you.

Wilt. Aha! that's something like, this does not appear to be a noisy rebellious rascal, like his brother.—And what's your name, my little fellow?

Gob. My name! Oh, my name's Gobbleton Mowbray. I was christened Gobbleton, after my godfather, Alderman Gobbleton, who died of a—of a surfeit—*(appears scarcely able to speak, from excessive eating.)*

Wilt. Well, Gobbleton, my dear, and what are you doing there?

Gob. I'm only a eating.

Wilt. I see you are eating: but what is it they have given you to eat?

Gob. They didn't give it to me—I was a hungry, so I looked about in all the places for summat to eat, and I found it in that cupboard outside. It's a—a pie.

Wilt. A pie! What my partridge pie? 'Tis my partridge pie, as I'm a man.

Gob. I don't know what pie it is, but it's very good, and I have just eaten a little bit.

Wilt. A little bit! Lord help the unhappy child! he has eaten enough to—what with the hard eggs, forced meat, and mushrooms, it will be a mercy should he escape a severe illness. Come hither, child, come hither.

Gob. Yes, uncle, I'll come, for I can't—I can't eat any more (*goes heavily towards Wilton*).

Wilt. This is the consequence of giving a child an alderman for a godfather.

Gob. (*pulling his sleeve*) I say, uncle, I should like to know——

Wilt. (*mocking him*) I should like to know—what should you like to know?

Gob. I should like to know at what o'clock we are to dine?

Wilt. Dine! the fat, stupid, lubberly, little glutton! he thinks of nothing but eating—Why hav'nt you this instant risen from table, and didn't your brother Hector tell me you've been at the peaches too?

Gob. O, Hector told you that, did he—well, I only ate 8 or 9, and a few plums and green gages, and hardly any apricots, because—because the apricots grew so high, I was obliged to throw brickbats at them, to bring them down—and that made me so hot—ugh!

Wilt. Brick bats! and the cucumber glasses, which are close under them—and my porcelain flower-pots!

Gob. Why, la, they're not all broke—besides, bits of china make such good clappers. (*takes two pieces from his pocket, and rattles them.*)

Wilt. Where are the rest of you? Run and fetch them.

Gob. (*his hands in his pocket, and his body swinging from side to side*) Run! I don't like to run; it makes me so hot.

Wilt. You must accustom yourself to running, it will help your damned little digestion—

Gob. I've no need of that to—(*laying his hand upon his stomach*) Oh!—oh, dear—

Wilt. What's the matter?

Gob. Oh! dear—I don't know, but I've got a pain—*(crying)*.

Wilt. A pain!—where?

Gob. I don't know—oh!

Wilt. I see—I see—an indigestion—no wonder—oh, the plague of other people's children—Peter!

Peggy! what had I to do with—oh! the cursed little imp—Peggy! Peter!

Enter Peter and Peggy.

Go fetch Dr. Drug'em—

Gob. I won't take any thing—I'll have something to eat—

Wilt. You'll die, if you don't take physic, my love.

Gob. I don't care then, I'll die, and you'll see what papa will say. Oh! oh!

Wilt. What am I to—here, my love, here's a guinea for you; only take something, and don't be ill.

Gob. I will be ill, and I won't have your guinea. *(Takes it, and puts it into his pocket)*. Oh!

Wilt. Take him away, Peggy. I'll follow you, my dear. Take him away, and let me see no more of him.

Gob. Oh! I shall die, and never see papa, and never, eat any thing again—oh, dear! oh, dear!

[Exeunt Gobbleton and Peggy.]

Peter. What's the matter with the little gentleman, sir?

Wilt. The little gentleman has devoured two thirds of my pie, and it has caused him an indigestion.

Peter. O, if that's all, sir, he's in no great danger.

Wilt. Why, the quarter of what he has eaten would be enough to make a man ill for a month.

Peter. Sir!

Wilt. It is as indigestible as a cannon ball—no one ever eats more than an ounce of it at a time. It was a partridge pie that killed his godfather.

Peter. Killed! sir! oh! I'll go to young master, and take the doctor's stuff for him.

Will. Do, Peter, do, and I'll give you half a crown; Only let some one set him the example.

Peter. I will, sir; oh! that I should have lived to die of a partridge pie—this comes of my being in haste to get married. *[Exit Peter.]*

Will. And this is the way children are brought up now a-days!—when I was a little boy, I needed nothing but two or three whippings a day, to keep me in proper subordination—oh! this is another of the hopefuls. I presume.

Enter Matilda, as Foppington Mowbray.

Foppington (speaking off as entering). You'll—a—put my poney into the a—stable—and a—d'ye you hear—you'll a—take unparalleled care of him, or a—your shoulders, and a—my horsewhip will become—a—intimately acquainted.

Will. Why, what newly discovered biped is this? A few inches taller, and it might pass for a St. James's exquisite.

Fop. (turning and eyeing Wilton). Eh! oh! ah! I beg pardon for the question---but a---really when one is left without a soul to a---perform the a---ceremonies of a---introduction---

Will. (aside) The ceremonies of introducing a sprat!

Fop. One---a---may be allowed to enquire whether it is the a---master of the---a---house—

Will. (impatiently) Yes, yes, I am the master of the house, my little fellow.

Fop. Little fellow! Cruelly familiar—a—*(pulling up his shirt collar)* dem'me—then I have the honour of a—addressing my—a---worthy uncle—a---Stilton.

Will. Wilton if you have no objection.

Fop. It seems that in this part of the world it is the a---fashion for gentlemen to---a---announce themselves

---an immeasurable bore, but---a---I suppose I must---
 a---comply---I have the honour to be your nephew,
 mister Foppington Mowbray, a son of---a---Mr. Charles
 Mowbray, educated in England, and I have---a---re-
 sided in the---a capital---a---London, since the age of
 ---a---six-----

Wilt. I think then, young gentleman, you might
 have taken an earlier opportunity of paying your res-
 pects to your uncle who has resided at Richmond
 since the age of forty.

Fop. True, a---but having heard something of the
 little difference between you and---a---Mr. Mowbray,
 my father, I---a---you---a in short it is the rule of my
 life, never to interfere in---a---family affairs.

Wilt. The rule of his life!

Fop. I---a---don't know though---I---a may have
 left a card at your house in town---You may have
 found it a--- mister---a---Mowbray---a junior.

Wilt. A remarkably forward child for his age!

Fop. Child! a---at a---my age there are no---a---
 children. Pray, understand, sir, that I am turned of
 a---thirteen. Children of that age have a---long been
 out of fashion.

Wilt. And pray, my little master, to what class do
 you belong?

Fop. I don't take---but pray let me tell you my
 qualifications. At nine I could ride my own poney
 with any jockey at Epsom; at ten manœuvred the
 muffle; (*in a boxing attitude*) at eleven shaved for a
 beard; at twelve tied a devilish good cloth; and now
 I'm the thing.

Song, Matilda.

With ladies fair, en militaire, I sport a waltzing toe,
 Or make one in a dashing set of smart quadrille,
 Then round and round, scarce touching ground, so
 airily we go,
 Delightfully as dandies in a Brixton mill.

I nod to girls a few, with my angel how d'ye do,
 Polly, pretty Sally, Kitty, Jane, Maria, Anna or Sue,
 For each kind glance, with nonchalance, they give
 me one or two,
 And every bit an exquisite in me they view.

With gentlemen I now and then may caper round the
 ring,

And tilbury or tandem drive, till entre nous
 At Tattersal's, where every body says I'm quite the
 thing,

Odds five to one are done and done, till I'm done
 too.

Then Corinthians I review, at the opera how d'ye do?
 In the lobby, Dick and Bobby careless answer how
 are you?

We make a noise like polish'd boys, kick up a row or
 two,

While every bit an exquisite in me they view.

[Exit.

Wilt. A precious family I am like to have about
 me!

Enter Peggy.

Peg. Oh, sir! don't be alarmed.

Wilt. Alarmed! What's the matter, Peggy?

Peggy. I hardly know how to tell you! but don't
 be alarmed.

Wilt. (almost breathless) Well, I'm not,—I'm not
 alarmed---but don't keep me in suspense---what---
 what's the matter?

Peggy. Why, sir, master Dick and master Harry,
 who were rowing about on the canal—but there's no-
 thing to be alarmed at, sir.

Wilt. (scarcely able to support himself) You see
 I'm not alarmed—do but tell me.

Peggy. Well, sir, the boat upset with them.

Wilt. O, the unfortunate boys!

Peggy. But—'tis nothing, sir; being only two foot water in the canal, they were easily got out; so they are in no danger whatsoever, unless they happen to catch their deaths of cold.

Wilt. Put them to bed instantly.

Peggy. There are five more arrived, sir; a little girl amongst them; and I believe that's all the family. [Exit.

Wilt. And the devil himself may take them for me. Oh, that there were no such things as children!

Enter Peter hastily.

Peter. Don't be frightened, sir.

Wilt. They'll frighten me to death with telling me not to be frightened.

Peter. Why, sir, master Hector,—the young gentleman that beat's the drum, you know, sir——

Wilt. Well?

Peter. I was at work in the garden, sir, and presently I saw master Hector and his little brothers jump out of the library window.

Wilt. Jump out of a window fifteen feet high!

Peter. There's no great harm done. Master Charles has only sprained his ancle, and master Frederick has merely broken his collar bone.

Wilt. The dear damnable little darlings. And what the devil made them jump out of the window?

Peter. The smoke.

Wilt. Smoke in the library?

Peter. Why you see, sir, master Hector, who had climbed up a ladder to write his name on the ceiling with the smoke of a candle——

Wilt. Smoke of a candle?

Peter. But before he had flourished two letters, he set fire to the curtains, and the curtains caught the papers and the papers——

Wilt. Run, fly, assemble all the servants, fetch all

the neighbours, fill all the buckets. [*Exit Peter.*] Oh! the plague of ten children! and here am I left, unable to move, and shall be stifled, baked, roasted, and roasted in my chair, without——

Enter Matilda, in her own dress, and a book in her hand.

A child again! a child! another child! (*with a sort of desperate resolution, but comically expressed*)—Who are you, my dear? Whence do you come? To whom do you belong?

Matil. I am your niece, Matilda.

Wilt. And what form of torture are you charged to inflict upon me?

Matil. I torture you! I come to bring you good news.

Wilt. Aye; that you have set fire to the other three corners of my house, I suppose? (*he delivers this in a sharp tone, after which his voice gradually becomes milder.*)

Matil. No, that the fire is out.

Wilt. Well, that's one comfort—and your brothers?

Matil. O, you'll not be long plagued with them; there is not one among them that will be able to leave his bed for a week to come.

Wilt. And that's another comfort.

Matil. But they are in no danger.

Wilt. That's well;—You are a very good girl for bringing me the news. And is your education too, finished, like your brother Foppington?

Matil. O, no, uncle; as yet I know but little; but perhaps you will sometimes give me instruction?

Wilt. But what shall I teach you? As to singing, I am not a teacher of the first order; for music, though I am fond of hearing a lesson of Handel's, I don't understand a note;—and for dancing (*point-*

ing to his gouty foot) I think, my dear, you had better not reckon much upon me.

Matil. Well now, see how luckily that happens: these are just the things in which I am most forward,

Wilt. And who taught you those, my dear?

Matil. (*timidly*) My mama. Ah! had you but known her, I'm sure you'd have loved her.

Wilt. Matilda, if you would have me love you, name her not.

Matil. Not name her! She who was so kind, so gentle, and so good! How would her attention have solaced the cares and relieved the pains of your declining age. You would have been happier in her society than surrounded by children like us, who can contribute nothing towards your happiness, except our love.

Wilt. Of what a source of bliss has my severity deprived me! But I am justly punished.

Matil. Ha! here comes papa.

Enter Mowbray.

Mowb. My uncle!

Wilt. What, Charles! my nephew? My dear boy, Charles! all is forgiven—all is forgotten.—

[*They embrace—Wilton rises and comes forward.*]

Mowb. At length I see my good old uncle again. And my child already with him.

Wilt. Your child? Mine!—my own adopted daughter. From among so many, you may surely spare me one. And to be plain with you, Charles, I am not over and above delighted with the others; therefore let us understand each other at once: Matilda must remain here with me: but for the boys—though I'll provide for them all, not one of them shall remain in the house.

Mowb. Sir!

Wilt. And now, Charles, (*aside*) the old way of

beginning a disagreeable tale—How shall I break it to him? The boys are all slightly, very slightly indisposed.

Mowb. Come, my dear sir, let us talk seriously.

Wilt. However, there's no danger. Dick and Harry have had a ducking in the canal; Charles has slightly sprained his ankle, and Frederick's collar bone is just---just---

Mowb. Pray, sir, pray—

Wilt. Be calm, my boy, be calm; they are out of danger be assured; as for Gobbleton—but; as you know the child's failing you'll not be surprised at his being ill of an indigestion.

Mowb. This pleasantry, sir, is ill-timed; it is cruel while I am yet uncertain whether my wife shares in the pardon you have bestowed on me.

Wilt. Your wife!

Mowb. Matilda, no doubt, has explained to you the occasion of your error; that her mother still lives, and that she is our only child.

Wilt. Matilda your only child?

Mowb. 'Tis so, sir.

Wilt. But when I saw the others with my own eyes, and heard them—

Mowb. Saw the ten children!

Enter Peter and Peggy cautiously.

Wilt. I have n't indeed seen all ten; but from the two or three samples—Ha, Matilda, you laugh.

Mowb. Speak, miss, is this some mischievous trick of yours?

Wilt. Don't scold her; I won't have my girl scolded. Speak, my love.

Matil. Why uncle, all that I have done,—all that I wished to do,—was to convince you that you have a better chance of happiness with one little girl who will love and obey you, than if surrounded by a dozen boys, who would vex and torment you. Pe-

ter and Peggy assisted me in my scheme, and I promised to intercede with you to consent to their marriage.

Wilt. Well, I can refuse you nothing.

Pet. So Peggy, at last we shall be married: and, sir, you shall find me grateful; and if ever you should again take a fancy to children, Peter will be your humble servant to command.

Wilt. So then, these fiends were of your conjuring up! Thank heaven 'tis so.

Matil. But you may see them again, and as many more as you chuse. (*as Gobbleton*) Ugh! I wish I had not eaten so much, that I might have room left to eat a little more. (*as Foppington*) You are right—a—'pon honour; 'tis the a——rule of my life to patronize—a—no such little—a—glutton. (*sings as Hector.*)

Choose who will a quiet life,

Row de dow de dow,

I'm for racket, noise and strife

Row de dow.

I say, uncle Wilton, I wish you'd show me how to cut double over the skipping rope—Follow, my brave fellows; fire away! we've taken the fortress—huzza! huzza!

FINIS.

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